FIRE-PROOF STORAGE ROOMS



THE HIRAM SIBLEY FIRE-PROOF WAREHOUSE

For Valuable Household Goods—Pianos, Trunks, Statuary, Libraries, etc. Careful men to Ihandle. Furniture Van for moving. Safety and security guaranteed. Rooms shown at any time.

HIRAM SIBLEY & CO., Proprietors.

Offices: 12 and 14 North Clark Street.



RELIABLE

Clothiers, Hatters & Furnishers

Northwest Cor. Madison and Halsted Sts., Chicago.

C. W. Seneco.



Boots & Shoes

177 and 179 Dearborn Street,

Commercial Nat'l Bank Bldg.,

Chicago, - Illinois.

P. MICLBARGA.

R. S. BRODOWSKI.

KIOLBASSA & CO.

113 West Division Street,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

JAS. A. O'CONNELL & CO. General Contractors

ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON ALL KINDS OF WORK.

12 Selden St.,

CHICAGO.

J. DANIELS.

H. DANIELS.

M. DANIELS.

THE DANIELS

Packing and Provision Company

DANIELS BROTHERS, PROPRIETORS.

3827 and 3829 Cottage Grove Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

TELEPHONE CAKLAND 217.

347 E. Division St., Opp. Market St., Chicago.

Furniture, Carpets, Stoves and Bedding

SOLD ON MONTHLY PAYMENTS

At the Lowest Cash Prices.

Leave me here those looks of yours ! All those pretty airs and lures: Flush of cheek and flash of eye; Your lips' smile and their deep dye; Gleam of the white teeth within; Dimple of the cloven chin; All the sunshine that you wear In the summer of your hair; All the morning of your face; All your figure's wilding grace; The flower-pose of your head, the light Flutter of your footsteps' flight: I own all, and that glad heart I must claim ere you depart.

Go, yet go not unconsoled! Sometime, after you are old, You shall come, and I will take From your brow the sullen ache, From your eyes the twilight gaze Darkening upon winter days, From your feet their palsy pace, And the wrinkles from your face, From your lock the snow; the droop Of your head, your worn frame's stoop, And that withered smile within The kissing of the nose and chin: I own all, and that sad heart I will claim ere you depart.

I am Race, and both are mine-Mortal Age and Youth divine; Mine to grant, but not in fee; Both again revert to me From each that lives, that I may give Unto each that yet shall live. —[W. D. Howells, in Harper's Magazine.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

BY WILLARD N. JENKINS.

The clergymen who had successively, but alas! not successfully, filled the pastorate of Farmingvale, had had good reason to congratulate themselves when they left the place. They had all been married men; they had all had large families and small salaries, and they had never given satisfaction. After the first few months the trustees had groaned over the salary; the elders decided that Brother A. "wasn't gifted in prayer:" The clergymen who had successive-Brother A. "wasn't gifted in prayer;"
the congregation complained of not
being visited enough, of not being
sufficiently edified, and wondered and then descended in popular favor until his light died out in darkness.

and then descended in popular layer until his light died out in darkness. Farmingvale was particularly unfortunate in this respect; it was in fact famed for its dismission of pastors without peculiar provocation. Many a grave, middle-aged man gave good advice to Arthur Bartlett, the most of the church in Farmingvale. Men of much experience had failed there—able men, too, whose orthodoxy could not be doubted. Bartlett was a man of promise—why should he doom himself to disappointment at the beginning of his career? Nobody approved of the act; but Bartlett, was all the forms of courtesy. Mrs. Bartlett lived.

Arthur Bartlett lived and patient, was purvided been so gentle and patient, was smitten, now that she was no longer had been tapped, it was all smitten, now that she was no longer had been to gentle and patient, was smitten, now that she was no longer had been to gentle and patient, was minten, now that she was no longer had been to gentle and patient, was minten, now that she was no longer had been to gentle and patient, was minten, now that she was no longer had been tapped, it was all single and silence as of death reigned throughout its rooms, for the angel of the house lay trembling on the margin of the grave. Another pastor preached on this Sabbath in Farmingvale, and all knew well why had upon a face so lovely that none of the church aisle with the minister, and the Farmingvale grils looked upon a face so lovely that none of the dead.

The windows of the parsonage were darkened, and silence as of death reigned throughout its rooms, for the angel of the house lay trembling on the margin of the grave. Another pastor preached on this Sabbath in Farmingvale, and all knew well why had upon a face so lovely that none of the dark corners of his pastor preached on this Sabbath in Farmingvale, and all knew well why had upon a face so lovely that none of the church aisle with the minister, now that she was no longer darkened, and silence as of death reigned throughout its rooms, for the agent had a gimt and a li all the more resolved to accept the lets was called upon by all the ladies

preached unto the people. There are some young men who have a woman's beauty without being effeminate. Arthur Bartlett was one of these. He had soft, goldenbrown hair, which could not be called red by his greatest enemy, a broad, high forehead, white as fiesh and blood could be, and a color that came and went, now the faintest tinge of rose, now deepest carnation. Moreover, he was neither puny nor ungraceful, stood straight as an artifular to the men were talked over by their wises and daughters; finally the first step was taken. Mr. Marden and his family gave up their pew, and found themselves more edified by the clergyman in the next town; others followed their example. The fault-finding and slander reached the parsonage itself, and Ann Bartlett, with her head upon her husband's shoulder, sobbed. tinge of rose, now deepest carnation. Moreover, he was neither puny nor ungraceful, stood straight as an ar-row, and had a voice clear and singu-

larly musical, and powerful enough to fill the church without an effort.

That day bright eyes looked up at the young minister, and many a girl, if the truth were known, thought more of his fair face than of his sermon. But he preached with all his heart in the words he uttered, and thought not at all of any one of

Perhaps they did not quite understand this; for that day the young ladies took a violent fancy to the new minister, and most of them resolved to do all they could to make Farm-ingvale pleasant for him. Of course he would marry soon. He needed a wife, they decided. Sewing societies, fairs and tea-drinkings followed each other in quick succession. Farmingvale, so to speak, caroused, though in a genteel and virtuous fashion, for the next three months, and Miss Allen, the dressmaker, took a new apprentice, and superintended the fitting department herself, leaving the needle to vulgar hands, so great was the demand upon her skill. New bonnets, fearfully and wonderfully made, came by express from "the made, came by express from "the city," and the five Misses Marden excited unparalleled envy by appear-

ing in pink silk dresses.

There never had been such a successful minister before; nobody dared to find fault with him, upheld by all the womankind of Farmingvaleyoung and old, grandmothers, grandand school girls.

and school girls.

By and by whispered rumors were set afloat. The young minister had paid particular attention to Miss Green, he was seen out walking with Miss Jones, he had taken tea thrice with Mrs. Adams, who had two unmarried daughters; in fact, he was engaged in turn to every single lady in the village, if report said truly.

Then "dearest friends" became rivals, and quarrels occurred which interfered sadly with a religious frame

one family; and the next the father called him to the bedside of his wife to see her die. And with these deaths the horrors of that time never to be forgotten by any who dwelt there, began in earnest.

Men, women, and children sickened with the terrible disease. Horror seized those yet unsmitten, and they field. Farmingvale became a great lazaretto, and Arthur Bartlett said to his young wife:

"Let us go quickly, darling, before to see her die. And with these deaths to see her die. And with these deaths to see her die. And with these deaths the horrors of that time never to be forgotten by any who dwelt there, began in earnest.

Men, women, and children sickened with the terrible disease. Horror seized those yet unsmitten, and they field. Farmingvale became a great lazaretto, and Arthur Bartlett said to his young wife:

"Let us go quickly, darling, before the family is and the next the father called him to the bedside of his wife to see her die. And with these deaths the horrors of that time never to be forgotten by any who dwelt there, began in earnest.

Men, women, and children sickened with the terrible disease. Horror seized those yet unsmitten, and they field. Farmingvale became a great calculation microbes in the field him to the bedside of his wife to see her die. And with these deaths the horrors of that time never to be forgotten by any who dwelt there, began in earnest.

Men, women, and children sickened with the terrible disease. Horror seized those yet unsmitten, and they field. Farmingvale became a great tending but the field him to the bedside of his wife to see he

of mind, and young farmers were ilted, one and all, in the most ruthless manner, for the fair-haired young. But she, as she spoke, left her sent,

And so the weeks passed on. Spring vanished, summer followed in her steps, autumn came; and amidst its balmiest days, when a golden haze hung over everything, and the orchards were rich with ripened fruit, and the moon seemed rounder and more brilliant than it ever was before, Arthur Bartlett took the train to Portland one evening, and it was known that there was to be a strange face in the pulpit on the next Sab-

There was a special tea-drinking at Deacon Green's to discuss the cause of this; and stories started no one knew when or by whom, were circu-

His mother was ill. No; that could not be, for Miss Wood knew that he had lost his mother years before.

Somebody had told Deacon Green that an old uncle had died, leaving that an old uncle had died, leaving the minister a large fortune. This was very favorably received and gained universal belief. It would have been firmly established but for Mrs. Thurston, who had neither daughter nor granddaughter herself, like ministering angels they went and who enjoyed being on the "off side," saying, with a wise shake of her head, "I don't believe any such story. It's my opinion that the min-

ister has gone to get married."

Mrs. Thurston's words threw cold water on the enthusiasm of maids and

his very first prayer the old gentleman uttered an earnest supplication for the pastor of the church, who during his absence would take upon himself the solemn obligations of married life. Might Heaven bless him and the young and pious lady whom he had chosen for his companion, etc. It was a prayer worth hearing, but the ladies of Farmingvale heard nothmatters came to a crisis, and hurried away, after the benediction, to discuss the affair by their own fire-sides. And on Monday, when it was known that Bridget O'Neil had been engaged to scrub and scour the parmade a favorable impression. And finally another call was made, another pastor came, who was welcomed ordially, treated to donation and then descard. joined in denouncing Mr. Bartlett as a despicable flirt. "And," said the indignant mamma of the five Misses watched with the sick, who had closed the eyes of the dead, who had closed the eyes of the dead, who had be closed the eyes of the eyes of the dead, who had be closed the eyes of the dead, who had be closed the eyes of the Marden, "of all men, a minister of the gospel should blush to earn such

call. He hoped to succeed where no of her husband's flock, was invited call. He hoped to succeed where no one else had ever succeeded; to do good, to become beloved, and to end his days where he had begun his work. It was a pure and beautiful ambition, although worldly men might smile at it as being very humble. So Arthur Bartlett came to Farmingvale, and stood before the pulpit during the ceremony of installation, and received the charge with an humble determination (God being his helper) to obey it; and the being his helper) to obey it; and the next Sabbath stood in the pulpit and minister's wife, but with the minister

himself.

"What shall I do, Arthur! I meant to help you and to make them like me, and you see how it is. It must be my fault, but I don't know what to do."

And the young man soothed his weeping wife, and bade her have good cheer, for matters would soon mend, and all would be well.

He was mistaken; matters did not mend; they grew worse, and a year from the date of his marriage, came to a climax. The trustees waited upon him in his study, and bemoaned their wrongs. They paid a fair salary, and they expected the pastor to do his part; but he had falled. Besides, his wife should have been instructed in her duty . She was generally dis-liked: if the minister's wife was not popular it was a very unpleasant thing. Could he explain?

Of course the visit ended as they expected; there was but one consummation possible, and in a day or so Farmingvale knew that their pastor would soon leave the place forever.

rumors of prevailing ill health spread over Farmingvale, and the minister packing his books in his study, came to hear of them. Whole families of children sickened and lay low, and a dread cry arose—"It is malignant diphtheria."

One day Arthur Bartlett left his young and old, grandmothers, grand-daughters, mammas, spinsters, aunts over the graves of two children of pure air tested by Professor Atkins one family; and the next the father called him to the bedside of his wife to see her die. And with these deaths the horrors of that time never to be

less manner, for the fair-haired young pastor, who had no more thought of aspiring to be king of hearts in Farm-head upon his breast, as he sat beingvale than he had of being a million- fore their evening fire, in a child-like aire, but was gentle and amiable to fashion all her own; and as he ca-

ressed her tenderly, whispered:
"Arthur, do not bid me go, for I
must stay here, and do all I can—
watch with them, pray with them,

The man listened at first unconvinced. "Ann, my dear," he said gently, "we owe them nothing. Remember, they have used us shamefully, and I am actually their pastor no longer.

But his wife pleaded earnestly; pleaded to stay amidst the danger, and touching his heart by her sweet Christian spirit brought him at last to consent.

And at dawn the two went forth upon their mission. In their selfish horror kinsfolk fled from each other. Sisters shrunk from those who had like ministering angels they went from house to house, aiding the weary physician, supporting the mother's failing courage, heaping coals of fire on the heads of the Farmingvale people. Sometimes they were together, but more frequently water on the enthusiasm of maids and mothers, although they all declared that "it couldn't possibly be so."

It was not the reputation of the Rev. Augustus Dent that drew so large a congregation at the little church on the next Sabbath. Curiosity led most of the ladies thither, and it was gratified to the utmost; for in his very first prayer the old gentleman uttered an earnest supplication for apart; there was so much to do. watched over them.

> When, save for her, no friend had watched beside the couch of loathesome disease; when her own hands robed the dead infant for its last sleep; when she sat all night in the death-room, and it was known to all what mission she had taken upon herself, wonder filled the village, and in a little while there arose to heaven many fervent prayers for Ann Bartlett and her husband.

All through the winter the pestilence raged, then when so many homes were left desolate, it began to abate, and on May day the church bell was rung to tell the people that the dread disease was stayed.

The report of the Secretary of the English Legation in Paris has just been submitted to parliament. It appears from the report that no less than 14,000,000 of the inhabitants of France, i. e., three-quarters of the agricultural population, are occupied n small farming. There are 4,802,697 farms of twenty acres or under, which cover an area of 24,900,214 acres, or one-fourth of the total of the land capable of cultivation. Butter, eggs, chickens, grain, vegetables, fruit, milk, cheese, and in a certain degree cattle, sheep and pigs are the products they rely upon. Sheep, and, if we except a few calves. cattle, otherwise than for the dairy, are clearly not suited for production on such small farms. Grain may also be at an economic disadvantage, but everything else here enumer-ated would be suitable for small holders in England.

Producers in France suffer, as do those of England, from middlemen and heavy transit charges, for articles of commerce which are only worth from eight to ten cents each in Finistere are sold in Paris the following day for 50 cents; the difference is swallowed up by the railways, the brokers and the retail merchants. The transport system from Finistere to London via St. Malo, is also unsatisfactory, both as regards cost and speed, and attention is being directed owards establishing a direct trade with Manchester. In Normandy, however, producers are better treated. would soon leave the place forever.

The winter set in warm and moist, instead of cold and bracing. Everybody declared that it was "dreadful unhealthful weather." At length the system of proceeding ill health system. mutual protection of agricultural interests is making great strides.

. Dust Particles in the Air.

The atmosphere is at all times charged with dust particles to a de would give 85,282,000 particles to every cubic foot, or 85,282,000,000 to a horizontal column of such air extending but 1,000 feet high.

It would be interesting to see a calculation on the number of deadly microbes in the same proportion of "the air" we breathe.—[St. Louis

THE LIMEKILN CLUB. Sad Death of a Brother Who Was Looking for Light."

As the heading of "miscellaneous" said: "My frens, I hev a letter yere from a pusson in Kentucky who axes what I thinks of the cull'd man who owns thirteen dawgs an keeps 'em in luxury and lets his wife go widout shoes de y'ar round. At de fust send off a pusson might call it a brutal exhibition of de sentiment which prevailed in de dark aiges, but de me' ye' tinks of it the less yo' feel de mo' yo' tinks of it the less yo' feel like pitchin into dat nigger. Dar am many things too be token into consid-erashun. Mebbe dat man raises dawgs to sell, an as de dawg market is purty flat jist at present he am holdin on fur a raise. Dat would be only biz-ness. Mebbe dar am thieves an robbers around dar, an he finds it necessary to keep thirteen dawgs to protect his family.
"Dis letter doan' say dat de wife

has made any complaints. Even if she had we all know dat wimen are mighty onsartin. I'ze met up wid mighty onsartin. I'ze met up wid some of 'em who'd chop out cotton in white kid shoes, an' agin I'ze found cases whar dey insisted on gwine barefot in Jinuary. Things like this yere must be left to a family. If a family prefers thirteen dawgs to scalskin sacks, diamond earrin's an' silk dresses, dat's deir bizness. I has wisited at de cabin of a cull'd man whar dey had three dowgs under ebery bed in de house, and fo' cats howlin' at de back doah, an' I has wisited at a cabin whar not an' I has wisited at a cabin whar not a cat or dowg could be found. Happiness 'peared to reign in one place as much as de odder. Dis Kentucky woman may injoy gwine barfut. It may be dat she got six pa'rs of French heel shoes in de house, but doan' keer fur style. Until all de facts in de case am befo' me I should not like to gib a decided answer.

"It am also my painful dooty at dis time to announce de death of Brother Rainbow Johnson on de Stait of Tennessee. Brudder Johnson war 'lected a member of dis elub ober five y'ars ago, an' has orften met wid us, an' ailus took a vivid interest in our proceedin's. Many of yo' will remember him as de inventor of 'de Johnson kerosene method,' as he called it, an' it was dat werry method which finally brung about his death. His method, as he explained it to me arter I had lent him fifty cents an' won his confidence, was to rise from his bed at midnight, take his trusty kerosene can under his arm, an' under kiver of darkness, an' steppin' very high an' softly, purceed to de nightest grocery. In many small towns, as yo' perhaps know, de grocer leaves his bar'l of kerosene outdoahs. When Brudder Johnson

bells struck de solemn hour o' mid-night Brudder Johnson might hev bin seen fussin wid dat bar'l. In fact he was seen. Misser Stebbins had got on to his method in some way and was seen. Misser Stebbins had got on to his method in some way, and hid hisself in a nearby shed. Misser Stebbins had a shotgun wid him and was wide awake. Bout the time Brudder Johnson began to bore wid his gimlet Misser Stebbins began to shoot wid his shotgun, an' it am needless fur me to add dat de places which once knowed our follow men. which once knowed our fellow member now knowed him no mo'. He was shot with a handful o' birdshot, and when Misser Stebbins got to him his soul had winged its flight to odder

"My fren's, in de midst of life we am in death. The torpedo chicken an de shotgun warn us dat we know not what a night may bring forth. We will set aside a page in memory of de deceased, but we won't pass any perticklar resolushuns on de subject. De widow ob our late brudder has written to ask us fur de brudder has written to ask us fur de literally lifted him off the ground. sum of \$25 with which to buy a gravestun. While we sympathize with her in her great bereavement we can't forward the money. It's agin our constitushun. De secretary will advise her to erect a headbo'd and paint on it, 'He steeps well!' and let matters stop right dar. Per-haps Misser Stebbins hisself would be willin' to furnish de bo'd, being as he will save at least two bar'ls of kerosene a year from now on. We will now put out de fish in de stove and go home."-M. Quad, in New York Recorder.

The King's Pleasure.

Impatiently in the hearing of the Duke d'Antin, superintendent of the royal buildings, that he hoped that some time a forest which he had always disliked, because it obstructed is also set apart in the hut for the cut down. Unknown to the king, Duke d'Antin had the trunks of all the trees in the objectionable piece of forest sawed through near the ground in such a way that they still stood, though a slight pull would bring them down. He removed every evidence of the work, and fastened ropes to the tops of the trees, and concealed more than twelve hundred aminer. cealed more than twelve hundred men in the forest to manage the ropes at a signal from him. The duke knew on what day the king would walk in the wood, and planned his work accordingly. The king took his accustomed promenade, and, as usual, he expressed his sentiments about the hated forest. "Your majesty, the let me prove it like we do in 'rithmer tic?—[Chicago Inta Ocean.

forest shall be removed whenever you like," said D'Antin. "Indeed," said the king, "then I wish it might be done at once." At that moment D'Antin blew a shrill blast from a was reached in the regular order of whistle, and, to the utter amazement business, Brother Gardner arose and of the king and the royal party, the forest fell as if by enchantment .-Argonaut.

A FIELD FOR EXPLORERS. Ruins of Great Cities in Central and Eastern Asia.

In Central and Eastern Asia there lies an unexplored region full of in-terest, and to the archæologist in especial. A great traveler and clever writer, the Russian General Prievalsky, speaking of the oasis of Tchert-chen, situated in the great table lands hemmed in by the there un-broken wall of the Himalayas, says that close to it are the ruins of two great cities, the oldest of which, according to local tradition, was de-stroyed 8,000 years ago, and the other by the Mongolians in the tenth

century of our era.

"The emplacement of the two cities is now covered, owing to the shifting sands and the desert winds, with strange and heterogeneous relics, with broken china and kitchen utensils and human bones. The natives often find copper and gold coins, ingots, diamonds and tur-quoises, and, what is most remarkable, broken glass. Coffins of some undecaying wood or material are there also, within which beautifully preserved embalmed bodies are found. The male mummles are all enormously tall, powerfully built men, with long, wavy hair. A vault was found with twelve dead men sitting in it. Another time in a separate coffin a young girl was found by us. Her eyes were closed with golden disks, and the jaws held firm by a golden circlet running from under the chin, across the top of the head. Clad in a narrow woollen garment, her bosom was covered with golden stars, her feet being left naked." To this the lecturer adds that all along the way on the River Tchertchen they heard legends about twenty-three towns buried ages ago by the sands of the desert. The same tradition exists on the Lob-nor and in the oasis of

Kerya. Mme. Blavatsky, who was in the earlier part of her life a great and indefatigable traveler, covering moreground in a given time than is usually accomplished by even those of the sterner and more enduring sex. bears witness also to those ancient rains, which she openly avers are prehisto-ric; the pages of her works also make frequent reference to other ruins of ancient character scattered throughout the desert regions of Central Asia. She hints, too, at buried crypts and underground vaults in the desert of Gobi, in particular, in which are stored many of the pre-

served records of the ages.

However this may be, the ruins described are certainly in place awaiting the organized efforts of science to recover for the world a long-forgotten page in the history of the peoples of the globe. Or, as in the case of Troy, private enterprise may case of Troy, private enterprise may step in, and continuing the investigations begun by the Russian traveler, read this riddle of a bygone civilization aright. - [Pittsburg Dis-

"Pewerful Playful."

Wrestler Muldoon, who is a Arthur Bartlett is still the pastor and must be filled. He left his wife of horses, is telling an amusing inci-'em goodby. As he skated softly owned. It was in Belfast, N. Y., his frew the darkness he invented two summer home. This horse was a other methods—one to get his vinegar and de odder to git his 'lasses in
de same way as he did his kerosene.

As he grew older his vicious tricks.

As he grew older his vicious tricks. He knowed zactly whar he was gwine began to show themselves and sevto, an' in due time he got dar wid boaf feet to once. A fresh bar'l of kerosene sot by the back doah of Misser Stebbins' grocery, an' as de bells struck de solemn hour o' mid- give him all over \$800 he got.

a city gentlemen had seen and admired the horse and he thought him a very likely buyer. An appoint-ment was made to show the animal that afternoon. When the horse was in the barnyard he behaved himself admirably, but just so soon as he was driven to the street he began to cut capers. This was a point the colored man well knew, so he made arrangements to show him in the barnyard.

The city gentleman was there at the appointed time, and the horse was led forth looking the picture of amiability. The hustler jogged him-up and down before the prospective buyer, all the time expatiating upon his quiet qualities. Just as the man had made up his mind to take the

" I thought you said he was quiet," demanded the city gentleman of the hostler. "Oh, he's all right boss, he's a powerful playful animal; he's just playing, that's all." But the sale was declared off then and there. - Rochester Herald.

Russian Firemen.

In a Russian village there is not even such an organization as we pos-sess in this country in the small volunteer fire companies. In their stead is a log stable with thatched roof containing an old-fashioned hand pump and three casks mounted on wheels. These are kept filled with Louis the Fourteenth once remarked water and each is drawn by a single one of his favorite views, would be mughik who serves as watchman, an office that is held, turn by turn, by the inhabitants of the township. The location selected for this cabin is as near as possible to the residence of the pristay, or the district Captain of Police, and upon an alarm of fire bedrives to the scene in his telega at the head of the procession of earts-and peasants.—[San Francisco Ex-